Inspector Brooks Placed in Charge of Police at Usual Centres of Disturbance to Prevent Assaults-B. R. T. Letter

to MeAdoo About Passes Recalled. Inspectors Brooks and Cortright went to Brooklyn police headquarters yesterday to take part in a conference with Inspector McLaughlin, who is in charge of the borough, and Deputy Commissioner Lindswho is investigating the troubles that occurred Saturday, Sunday and Monday last over collecting the second fare to Coney Island on the Brooklyn Heights and the Coney Island and Brooklyn Railroad companies. Capt. Dooley of the Coney Island station, Capt. Linderman of the Sheepshead Bay station and Capt. Martin Short of the Parkville station, the three precincts in which the trouble took place last week, were present. At the condusion of the conference Deputy Commissioner Lindsley said that evidence would be taken on the action of the police and submitted to Police Commissioner

McAdoo on his return. Acting Police Commissioner Farrell, after Third Deputy Commissioner Lindsley's return from his conference, appointed Inspector Brooks to take charge of the disposition of the police at the transfer points and points were disputes over a second fare occur on the routes to Coney Island.

Commissioner Farrell said:

cour on the routes to Coney Island.

Commissioner Farrell said:

"I have given Inspector Brooks entire control of the district. The captains will send their police as was arranged before, and all will sot under the direct supervision of the inspector Saturday and Sunday, and he will report here on Monday.

"Under advice from the Corporation Counsel's office the police will act in accordance with Section 223, sub-section 5, of the Penal Code."

This section, under the heading, "Use of

cordance with Section 223, sub-section 5, of the Penal Code."

This section, under the heading, "Use of force or violence declared not unlawful," is as follows:

"When committed by a carrier of passengers or the authorized agents or servants of such carrier or by any person assisting them, at their request, in expelling from a carriage, railway car, vessel or other vehicle, a passenger who refuses to obey a lawful and reasonable regulation prescribed for the conduct of passengers, if such vehicle has first been stopped and the force or violence used is not more than sufficient to expel the offending passenger, with reasonable regard to his personal safety."

Third Deputy Commissioner Lindsley, who is the law end of the force, said with regard to whether it was a "lawful regulation" of the railroad company which the passengers were refusing to obey in declining to pay a second fare:

"We are advised that that point is in iltigation and until a final decision is reached we cannot pass upon the legality of the demand for a second fare."

When asked what the police would do to-day and Sunday he zaid:

"Concerning the parangements for preserving the peace on Saturday and Sunday,

to-day and Sunday he said:

"Concerning the arrangements for pregerving the peace on Saturday and Sunday,
I have left the matter entirely in the hands
of Inspector McLaughlin, who is in charge
of the force over here. He will put officers,
and plenty of them, at the storm centres
and he will be able to draw from outside

precipete for the purpose of having anough and he will be able to draw from outside precincts for the purpose of having enough men. The police will see to it that there is no disorder and if they witness an at-tack by the railroad men on the passen-gers, or by the passengers on the railroad men, they will immediately make arrests. If they fail to preserve the peace, charges will be preferred against them and they will be severely nurshed."

be severely punished."

About the case of Mrs. Mary Kerwin, who alleges that she was thrown from a car who alleges that she was thrown from a car at Third avenue and Fifty-eighth street, he said that the police had found a number of witnesses in the matter and that Magis-trate Tighe, who had issued warrants for Charles Reagan, conductor, John Loughran, motorman, and John Cooney, an agent of the road, would thrash out the matter in the Butter street police court to day in the Butler street police court to-day.
President Winter of the Brooklyn Rapid
Transit Company and President Heins
of the Coney Island and Brooklyn Railroad of the Coney Island and Brooklyn Railroad Company continue to contend that under the State railroad laws they are entitled to charge the additional fare to Coney Island and say they will demand the extra fare and if the passengers refuse to pay it they will be put off the cars.

The Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company directed a curt letter to Police Commissioner Mades restander religious him thanks.

McAdoo yesterday, notifying him that all free passes to detective sergeants and pre-cinct detectives would be stopped. The

July 7, 1904.

Hon. William McAdoo, Police Commissioner:

DEAR SIR: I am directed by the management of this company to notify you that hereafter, until further notice, no pass books will be issued or renewed on the lines of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company to detective sergeants and precinct detectives. This is for your information. Yours truly,

C. D. MENEELY, secretary and treasurer.

Later Deputy Police Commissioner Far-

Later Deputy Police Commissioner Far-rell's telephone rang and President Winter of the B. R. T. told him that a copy of the letter had just come under his eye, and he hastened to assure the Commissioner it was all a mistake. Heldid not know, he said, how it came to be written, but he desired to recall it.

FIFTEEN YEARS FOR BUDD.

Gets a Sentence as Severe as That of Lawyer Charles K. Cannon.

John D. Budd, a well known Hoboken man about town, who was indicted on charges preferred by four small girls, charges preferred by four small girls, retracted his former plea of not guilty and pleaded non vult in the Court of General Sessions, Jersey City, yesterday. Judge John A. Blair then sentenced him to fifteen years imprisonment at hard labor in the State prison. Budd is the last of the six Hoboken men to be sentenced for a series of crimes which were disclosed by the police several weeks ago. He is a brother-in-law of Charles Shultz, president of the Hoboken Bank for Savings, and was a bookkeeper at Mr. Shultz's building material plant. Budd cut his throat with a razor a few days after his arrest.

Charles K. Cannon, the lawyer who was sentenced to fifteen years imprisonment

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charles k. Cannon, the lawyer who was sentenced to fifteen years imprisonment and to pay a fine of \$1,000, is out on bail pending an appeal. Three Italians were sent to the State prison for fifteen years each and Charles Reinhard for five years.

AWARDS FOR TUNNEL EASEMENTS John W. Radley, Who Refused \$400, New Gets \$24.750.

The report rendered by William H. Cohen, Joseph P. Day and Assemblyman Edward R. Finch, the commissioners apointed to appraise and condemn the caseto appraise and condemn the ease-ments on fifty-nine lots in East Thirty-second, Thirty-third and Thirty-fourth streets, along the line of the Pennsylvania Railroad's new tunnel, was confirmed yester-day by Supreme Court Justice Gildersleeve. The highest award is 224,750, to John W. Radley, an iron founder, in East Thirty-fourth street. Radley was offered only \$400 for his easement when the company first began to acquire the property along the route.

News of Plays and Players.

Max Hoffman will be the musical director for "The Rogers Brothers in Paris" next season and will write the score for the pro-

The Prudential Life Insurance Company will entertain its out of town agents at the Paradise Roof Garden next Wednesday

night.
Paul Spadoni, the cannon ball juggler, gave a private exhibition last night on the Paradise Roof of catching a 200 pound cannon ball on the back of his neck. He will repeat this feat in public on Monday night.

will repeat this reat in public of night.

night.

Contracts have been signed between Klaw & Erlanger and the Carle Amusement Company for the presentation of "The Maid and the Mummy," Richard Carle's new musical comedy now running in Chicago, at the New York Theatre on Menday evening, Aug. 1.

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

A surprisingly large number of the building lots in the ewn-your-own-home settle-ments in the suburbs of this city are owned by persons who live many miles from here. The promoters of these companies, as soon as they are formed, send their announcements to the West and South and there find ready purchasers. The prospect of owning real estate within the city of New York is too good for them to resist; so they are always ready buyers of property which is intended primarily for residential purposes, but which they are not likely ever to utilize in that way. They have, however, the satisfaction of knowing that they are real estate owners in the metropolis of their country.

Rachel, who is teacher's champion dullard, had shaved through the examinations by some remarkable freak of fate and seeured promotion. Her parents, knowing her, were startled. Teacher was visited the day after by Rachel's father, who kissed Teacher's hand and smilingly said: "I very much obliged mit you, lady. You gif Rachie sitch eecy lessons."

The Browning Society has begun its summer sessions at Manhattan Beach. Its object is not to study the works of the poet, but to enable its members to get as sunburned as possible. They do not seem to be acquainted with each other, but they work together with wonderful unanimity. For several hours every day they lie stretched on the sand looking like a picture of a Japanese battlefield. Whether they are acquainted or not, the rivalry between the members of the society is keen and they eye one another carefully to see that no deeper shade of tan has settled on one than on another.

One enthusiastic member went down to Old Point Comfort several years ago and to the chagrin of his rivals acquired there a deep burn before the season here opened. No such trick has been played this year. The young men who seem to have so much time on their hands that they are able to spend half the summer in the sand seem to have started equal. ourned as possible. They do not seem to

to have started equal.

Newspaper portraits of Judge Alton B. Parker bear a strong resemblance to those that embellish the advertisement of a large shoe manufacturer whose counterfelt presentment is better known to the public than those of most presidential candidates. It would be interesting to know which, if either, will benefit by the chance resemblance. Another extensive advertiser whose face is on every box of advertiser whose face is on every box of his merchandise bears the strongest kind of resemblance to the Shah of Persia.

Since Elihu Root has figured so prominently in national politics, the rese that an otherwise obscure guard on the elevated bears to the Secretary of War has often been commented upon. Mr. Root's double is of medium stature, quiet in demeanor and suave and diplomatio in his dealings with all of the many sorts of people he comes daily in contact withall of which tends to strengthen the impression of similarity.

The other night the guard was waking up the sleepers to see that they got off at their stations. He came to a prosperous looking individual who plainly was not a night worker, but nevertheless under powerful influence had fallen sound asleep. The passenger resented the efforts to waken him, but the guard was persistent. Finally the passenger roused himself and straightened up. For a moment his eyes rested intently on the face of the guard, who had removed his uniform cap and was wiping his forehead. Then the passenger started up suddenly:

"Why, hello Mr. Root!" said he. "How are you? Thought you were in Washington. Let's have a drink." The other night the guard was waking

The Slocum tragedy has had its effect on the Sound steamers. One line in particular now takes unusual precautions against fire. A new official on the boat has nothing to do but watch the smoking room and observe the disposition of all lighted matches cigars or cigarettes that passengers may throw away. His instructions are not to lose sight of a single one until he is certain that it is out. The job was created less

Here's another new thing about New York: Latin, the pure Latin of Cicero and Cæsar and Virgil, supposed to be a dead language, is a living tongue in this city, and a mighty useful one, too. In all Roman Catholic colleges and secondary schools Latin is taught, of course, very thoroughly and carefully. In many of these institu-

and carefully. In many of these institutions Latin conversation is practised, as it is in Catholic schools alike in France, Italy, Germany and Ireland.

And educated Catholic immigrants, unacquainted with English, find it possible to get along away from their own countrymen by use of the common tongue.

For example, the other night a reporter wanted to interview an Italian woman in Brooklyn who spoke no English. A German priest, ignorant of Italian, offered to help. He found an Italian boy just two weeks in this country, halled him in Latin and pressed him in as interpreter. The reporter would ask a question in English, the priest would turn it into Latin, and the boy would put it to the woman in Italian. boy would put it to the woman in Italian. The answer would travel back from Italian to Latin and thus to English. The priest and the boy kept it up for a quarter of an

and the coy kept it up for a quarter of an hour and were never stumped once.

"I use Latin in a third of my parish work," said the priest. "It is really of more practical use to me than any living tongue except English."

"There's a German grocer who caught on all right," the man on the curb re-marked. "See his wagon?" . "Yep," his companion answered, "I see

it, but what of it? It's just like other grocer's wagons, isn't it?"
"Not much. Look at the number on the tail board. It's 11. He's got one other wagon, and that's No. 12. I know, for my folks trade with him. Can you beat that for American enterprise?"

A Chinaman with a keen eye for business has opened a restaurant near Broadway in the Tenderloin, which he hopes to make popular with theatregoers when the theatrical season opens. Unlike other so-called Chinese restaurants, which are small and ill smelling, and whose patrons are largely recruited from the disorderly element, the new restaurant is large and commodious, comparing in size with the average hotel dining room. To make it attractive to the respectable class as an after theatre restaurant, the proprietor

after theatre restaurant, the proprietor has ordered from China a lot of teakwood tables and Chinese carved wood, with which the interior will soon be ornamented. When these are all installed it will look much like a Chinese temple.

The restaurant, of course, is run by Chinamen, and the chief dish is the customary "chop suey." But it is prepared in Delmonico style in comparison with the same dish elsewhere. For those who don't like the Chinese dishes there are plenty of American edibles suitable for a late supper on the bill of fare.

Chinese restaurants have been springing up like mushrooms in the Tenderion since "the lid" has been on, but this is the first in that section really making a bid for respectable patronage.

A woman well dressed in the best sense entered a downtown store a few days ago and made several purchases. On receiving the store check for the amount of her bill she seemed momentarily embarrassed. The head clerk seemed to understand the situation without explanation. He pointed to a screen, behind which the woman retired, to emerge a moment later with a roll of bills in her hand, from which she settled her account.

WAIL OF THE BRIDGE HACKMAN

WHAT'S THE USE OF HACKS WHEN NEW YORK'S ALL HOLES?

d Who's Going to Take a Tryon Row Hack When He Has to Climb Over a Dirt Pile as Big as the Hack to Find it?—There

"What did you wake me up for?" asked Tom Lyons, the oldest cab driver on the Tryon row stand. "You might mise a job," said the cop who had looked into Tom's cab and given the sleeping jehu a good natured poke with

"G'wan," muttered Tom. "The only way to get a job now is to go to sleep and dream you're gettin' one—dream of the time when a man could wake up in the morning and feel sure that the pavement his horse stood on the day before hadn't been torn up

over night. "What real lady from Brooklyn that comes over all togged up to make calls and go shoppin' in Manhattan is goin' to hire a cab from Tom Lyons or anybody on the old Tryon row stand when she's got to climb over a dirt pile as high as her head before she can find the hack? There ain't any more jobs, just false

"What's a false alarm of a job?" asked

the cop. "Why, it's when I see a gent comin across Park row wearing diamonds on his shirt and looking generally like a gent who'd rather have a back than a trolley car, and I says to him 'Cab, sir?' and starts to open the door for him, when he says that he's a contractor and tells me I'll have to

he's a contractor and tells me I'll have to move my stand, because he's going to dig another hole.

"You hear a lot of talk about the rush hour in the morning, don't you, when millions of people come across the bridge? I'll tell you something you don't know. Most of those millions are contractors coming from their summer homes on Long Island to dig holes in Manhattan. If you could kill all the contractors there wouldn't be any more crowds of rush hours in New York.

York.

"There's another thing you hear a lot about, and that's Forty-second street. Just go up there and tell Forty-second street that there are others. Give Forty-second street Tryon row's compliments and tell it that Tom Lyons sent 'em—Tom Lyons, who founded this here stand on the very day the Bridge was opened, twenty-one years ago, in 1883, who has been here every day since, and who is going to stay here so long as the contractors—damm 'em—leave as many as six paving stones in the ground, one for each hoof and two for the wheels.

ground, one for each hoof and two for the wheels.

"I may be buried here, you can't tell. Some day they'll be in such a hurry to dig a new hole that they won't stop to tell me to move on, and down will go horse, cab and Tom Lyons, the discoverer and founder of the stand that ladies from Brooklyn and politicians from City Hall used for twenty years.

"I'm the only one left now, and one hack don't make a stand. If there is only one hack and that hack is away on a job when somebody comes and wants to ride, why that man isn't ever coming back to that stand again. He'll hire his hack over in Brooklyn instead of taking chances here. I knew that, so I brought others along with me till we had a stand of twelve hacks here.

me till we had a stand of twelve hacks here.

"But they've all gone now. Some are dead and some are on Broadway. They were all good honest Irish, too. I used to break young Irish immigrants into the hack business on this stand. But there ain't any more Irish immigrants. All the immigrants now are dagoes, and all they come for is to dig holes in New York, so there won't be enough ground left for an honest Irishman to drive his cab on.

"Look at that hole there right back o' my cab. It was dug ten days ago by the Consolidated Gas contractor, and as soon as he had spoiled a place big enough for three hacks he went away and hasn't been here since. They just dug the hole and haven't done a blighted thing since.

"And that trench over there—Belmont's. He owns everything there is in this town, on the ground, over and under the ground. He might as well go and dig one more hole though, just a little one, big enough to bury the chances his man Parker has got to be President."

REVOKES DENTIST'S ARREST. Court Acts Promptly After Hearing About

the Woman Who Sues V. C. Bell. Justice Conlan of the City Court has dismissed the order of arrest obtained by Rachel L. Kanter against Victor C. Bell, dentist, on May 24 in a suit against Dr. Bell for \$25,000 damages for breach of promise. The order of arrest was obtained by the woman after she had been declared in default for failing to furnish a bill of particulars in her case and had been precluded, by order of the Court, from offering testimony supporting her allegations that the doctor had promised to marry

She obtained the order from Judge Seabury and it was served upon Bell. It was mistakenly stated in The Sun then that Bell was held in default of \$1,000 bail, but bail was furnished immediately upon his arrest and he was not taken into custody. In arguing for the vacation of the order of arrest Moses H. Grossman, counsel for Bell, declares that this was a blackmailing suit and that the woman had been guilty of perjury in making an affidavit on which the order had been obtained. She swore, Mr. Grossman said, that she was a resident of Chicago, when in an affidavit made only two weeks later she stated that she had lived in New York for five months and was a resident of this city. He also submitted an affidavit made by Bell in which the dentist stated that the woman had tried to force her way into a room in which he was ill at the Post-Graduate Hospital and had forced her way into his apartments on another occasion besides writing letters in which she demanded interviews. She obtained the order from Judge Sea-

FROM JAIL TO FEDERAL JOB. Negro Took Position of Mail Carrier Ex-

pecting to Steal, and He Did. NEW ORDEANS, July 8.—In the examination to-day of Monroe Tolbert, the negro mail carrier of Washington parish, arrested for rifling the mails, some curious facts were brought out. Tolbert made no denial of his robberies, even giving the amount he stole, as well as he could remem-

The fact was developed that Tolbert

55.225 Judgment Against Berkeley School. A judgment for \$5,225 was entered yes- and he stole her Strad. She looked him of bills in her hand, from which she settled her account.

"They say that hosiery is the greatest rival to the savings banks of New York," remarked the clerk after the weman had left the stere.

"They say that hosiery is the greatest rival to the savings banks of New York," tional Bank for the balance due on a note of the corporation given in April last year left the stere.

"They say that hosiery is the greatest rival to the savings banks of New York," tional Bank for the balance due on a note of the corporation given in April last year left the stere.

They say that hosiery is the greatest rival to the savings banks of New York," to the president, in favor of the Mercantile Nahe door instantly! demanded the Signor, as he looked him up in his dressing room. "Unlock the president, in favor of the Mercantile Nahe door instantly!" demanded the Signor, as he heard the key turned in the look. There was no response from Violina, who was fer \$6,000 to the erder of Mr. White,

NEW BOOKS.

It was natural that the heroine of Mary Ives Todd's story of "Violina" (Broadway Publishing Company) should have been capable of deep and strong emotions. Her father was a Pole full of gloomy fervors of a patriotic nature, and her Italian mother was related to Paganini. As the great ship cast off its moorings and started ma-instically on its yourses agrees the Atlantic jestically on its voyage across the Atlantic, Violina saw her father standing on the wharf with bent form and extended arms. She "turned about, wringing her hands, and in frenzied tones addressed those about her." the said: "My poor father! He is left. Where is the captain The boat must stop and return for my father! Oh God, will no one help?"

Of course, the ship did not put back.

Moreover, the heroine's father would not have sailed with it if it had. This was

already well understood. Mrs. Isartoryaki, Violina's mother, put the case very clearly. She said: "My child, you are beside your-self with grief, else you would know that what you ask is impossible, and not best if possible. Your father is already lost in the crowd. He is hurrying home, and when there will be cared for by an excellent Polish couple. I dare say your father would not come aboard if we could by any magic get the boat reversed, with all these impatient people on board, and succeed in finding him. We are so poor that business must come before pleasure—until you can make some money on the Strad which he brought aboard as a parting gift to you. Down in the cabin Violine took the Stradivarius from its case and kissed it rapturously She enfolded it in her arms, "cast her lovely tear stained eyes toward the ceiling. and said: "Oh God! I thank Thee for allfor beautiful parents, for my home in America, for my love of music, and for this darling close to my heart. Please permit us to return quickly to my native land and to my dear father, and help me to make such music on our dear Strad as will fil his sad heart with joy and renew his dreams of Liberty for his native land. Amen." One day in Florence, shortly after "reach-

ing fair Italia's shore," Violina went from the pensions to the casa of a maestro. While she was waiting for the maestro she played on her Strad. The maestro overheard her. He grasped her hands and said: "Mio care angele! Have you dropped from the skies, and shall we look in vain for you a few moments hence? I fear so. Your playing is divine." She told him she had come to be a pupil. He continued: "You!angelo divino-you? Impossible! I do not teach angels. I adore them-now I have seen one. I kiss the hem of your garment. She laughed gayly as she assisted him to his feet after he had accomplished this performance, and said to him in Italian: "Oh, that is taffy!" Her mother had warne her of the extravagance of Italian speed and she was prepared for the observations of the maestro.

Nevertheless, we are more than half inclined to believe that he meant precisely what he said. Violina must have bee very good looking. She "was a tall, graceful maiden, yet strongly built, with not a superfluous ounce of flesh on her active body. There was usually no hint of the weary, troubled look of her father's face on her frank, open countenance, into which nature had infused so much tenderness. Her complexion, though by no means fair. was nevertheless clear, of a fine satiny texture, and permeated with the hue of health. The ample, well formed brow was framed in by dark, thick masses of curling hair, which she wore, to please her father, cut short in the neck, but in a manner dicturesque and artistic. So worn, her head had sometimes the appearance of being that of a noble and beautiful youth; more particularly when she lay sleeping. her strange eyes quite hidden by their ong, curling, fringed lids, and her face reposing on her arm. Seen in this manner her mother often declared she was the image of Endimione, a fact that pleased her greatly, Endimione being one of the gallery."

But particularly was her beauty potent when her eyes were open. "They were feminine eyes most assuredly, and while they held you riveted by their strange, unearthly beauty, you found it easy to recall old tales of Polish devotion to the fair sex. prime—was, indeed, free—set free by the How at banquets in the good olden times skilled hands he had himself so faithfully it was no uncommon occurrence to see a Pole kneel down before his lady, remove her slipper and drink out of it. Moreover it has been asserted that high bred women of the old aristocratic republic seemed to be endowed with a peculiar power; their beauty and grace and bewitching manner inflaming the hearts and imaginations of have they conquered the conquerors of quite well. Yours very truly, Thaddeus their country!' wailed some patriot of the F. Gordon." past. The susceptible heart of Heine likened them to 'the tenderest and loveliest flowers,' and he demands the brush of Raphael, the melodies of Mozart, the language of Calderon that he may conjure p before his readers an 'Aphrodite of the Vistula.' " But of the Polish men the flippent Heine did not always say things that were flattering. His statement re-garding two noble Polish exiles will be remembered, namely, that because neither would permit his indebtedness to the washerwoman to be discharged by the other the washerwoman was not paid at all.

We were sorry that Violina permitted herself to be dazzled by the amatory methods of Signor Gordon. We read on page 170: "The awakening splendor of the morn was disclosing picturesque heights round about, arrayed in a delicate dark blue garb. Near by reposed Florence in dim, dreamy beauty underneath her artistic towers springing s lightly toward heaven, while the fresh, perfumed air was delicious, indeed. Signor Gordon, however, when once they were on the terrace and quite alone, paid not the slightest attention to Dame Nature. His time, he reckoned, in which to strike a last blow for the desired prize, was short, The fact was developed that Tolbert had been only just released from the penitentiary, after serving a two years sentence for burglary when he was appointed mail carrier. He was filling the same position when he was arrested for burglary in 1901, convioted and sentenced to two years in the penitentiary.

As soon as he was released all the people along the route he had served, knowing that he was an ex-convict, signed a petition arking for his reappointment, declaring that he was the best mail carrier ever known in that section.

He broke the record in never being a minute late on his schedule. Tolbert was unwilling to take the place at first, but finally yielded to the persuasion of the white people living in Washington parish. He explained to-day that his hesitation was due to his strong belief that he could not control his irresistible inclination to steal.

Most of the money he stole from the mail and he must improve every precious momen if you continue to refuse my suit. Life will fanciful title for her book and admits in her

Most of the money he atole from the mail had loved her and who had been so good to had oved her and who had been so good to had been quite right—to accept so many owed when he was sentenced. delicate attentions at his hands—then to prove so hard-hearted, so obdurate."

They quarrelled after they were married,

PUBLICATIONS.

WHY does THE SMART SET MAGAZINE have so few pages of advantage other leading publications? Everyone knows it has the largest circulation of any of the 25-cent monthlies, and the best people read it everywhere."

The above was said by a business man who spends many thousands of dollars yearly in periodical advertising.

The answer is simple. THE SMART SET does not "pad" with exchange or trade ads., whether for goods, transportation or "summer board." Every line of advertising in it is paid for in cash at full and fixed rates, and these are justly the highest of any of the 25-cent magazines. Look over its pages and see the class of advertisers who find it profitable to pay these rates, and who do not wish to be lost in a huge volume of non-cash ads.

herself near the looked door, 'Hell and damnation! Open the door, I tell you! The Signor accompanied this charming speech with furious kicks at the inoffensive door. Violina rejoiced that the servants slept in another part of the house. She made no attempt to liberate her husband, and kept as atill as a mouse. Presently she heard ominous mutterings, which were followed by a crash. 'One of my pair of elegant vases, commented Violina to 'How careless of me not to have taken them to the drawing room this morning.' They were wedding presents, and exceedingly artistic and costly. Another crash. 'The other vase!' Violina smiled grimly. Following the big crashes was a little one, hinting of shivered crystal. 'My watch!' A present from her father when she was a girl. Another pause, followed by a quick succession of crashes, suggesting the smashing of crockery ware. 'Some more wedding presents destroyed!' muttered Violina, with Spartan inflexibility' A sort of cyclone took place next, with the furniture playing a leading rôle. After which the hubbub gradually diminished and peace reigned."

Violina developed a wicked ingenuity She played as badly as she could on a poo fiddle close to the locked door. Those of us who do not care very much even for good playing on a good fiddle can think how horrible that was. When the Signor got out he stole the Strad and made her learn cooking. She "began the very next day to take lessons in German cookery, her husband providing a private teacher with great promptitude. Also he brough out his mother's old and sacred recipe book, and made her copy things out of it. A climax of her unhappiness is set forth on page 227. "For a long time Violina sobbed as if her heart would break. Gradually, however, she became calm. Then she walked to her husband's dressing room and selected from a row of bottles on a shelf one marked 'Poison.' She measured out what she thought a proper dose, swallowed

it, and sought her couch." After she had got over the poison she recovered the stolen Strad and ran away ome to America. On the ship she met Max Mason, an old acquaintance, and "they gazed again into each other's eyes in a delicious manner." Her father died in consequence of her playing patriotic Polish tunes to him on the Strad. This is so. We read: "The effect was magicalfatal, as we say. He had been completely transported to other days and other scenes by Violina's magic wand. When, therefore, her bow clanged out the terrific call, "To arms! To arms! To arms!' he rose instantly, with all the agility of youth, assumed the firmly by his side his old cane, in lieu of a musket—but only for a swift instant, when he sank heavily back into the arms of his wife and expired. The brave spirit of this true-hearted Pole-as ready to serve God, Country and Liberty in his old age as in his

trained. Shortly after this remarkable occurrence Violina received a letter from the Signor. It was succinct. It said: "Dear Violina: Enclosed please find check for \$50,000. I wish to legitimatize my two fine boys by marrying their mother. Be so good as to procure a divorce from me at an early all who set their eyes on them. 'How often date. Hope this finds yourself and mother

She got the divorce and married Max Mason. The story concludes with a quota-tion from an article by Mr. John Brisben Walker on the subject: "If Europe Should Go to War." We consider "Violina" a remarkable performance.

There are various ways of writing history.

Other Books.

One is painting the figures of the past so that the reader will see and understand them or treating institutions like living things that have a meaning; another is the presentation of the cold facts exactly as they are recorded and letting the reader make what he can out of them. The latter is the more scientific form and that which is more fashionable nowadays, and this Miss Ruth Putnam has followed in "A Mediaval Princess" (G. P. Putnam's Sons). It is the story of poor Jacqueline of Holland, one of the most romantic and pitiable in history, that the author has dissected; the bones are all there, backed up by documents, and we fancy that Miss Putnam has collected all the authenticated facts that can be found, but the flesh and blood of 500 years ago the reader will have to supply for himself. The author seems to have a feminine dislike for her heroine, which is the more disappointing in that she has selected a preface that Jacqueline's adventures go beyond the imagination of modern historic romancers. Her history is very important, for it marks the revolution in which the little independent feudal States were swallowed up by the greater States such as we are accustomed to. Jacqueline and her Holland provinces were like a mouse in the claws of Philip "the Good" of Burgundy. It is a conscientious piece of work that Miss Putnam has done, and done well, if she has squeezed out all sentiment and romance. The book is gotten up

sumptuously in every respect and is pro-vided with an elaborate bibliography.

An interesting account of travel in England, Ireland and Italy, with a glimpse of France, that may serve as a guide to holy places for Catholics, is offered in "In Many Lands," by "A Member of the Order of Mercy" (O'Shea and Company, New York). The author we are told in an accompanying circular is Mother M. T. Austin Carroll, and the book appears in the year of her golden jubilee as a nun. The trip iti on av.

Manning and Newman, and with the latter had an interesting interview. The quotations from English literature will open the eyes of non-Catholics to the wide range of authors that a nun may read.

The "Cambridge Modern History" (Macmillans) has naturally drifted far away from the plan devised by Lord Acton. It is very likely that he would have been unable to hold it to his original scheme even if he had lived, for in a work of this character accidents interfere with the best laid plans of editors. Volume VIII., "The French Revolution," is written by a dozen or so fairly unknown authors, though the names of a few are attached to text-books, and the tendency to turn over large portions to a single man to write becomes more marked. All but one are Englishmen. They are competent enough to provide the facts derived from later investigations, but none possesses distinction of style. The end with the Brumaira revolution is orthodox enough, but we should think that in a work of limited scope it might have been as well to include Na-poleon's history to the end, and to preserve a real continuity which historical purists cannot do away with. The volume makes good college textbook of the history of the Revolution.

The class of 1884 at Princeton does THE SUN, its favorite newspaper, the compliment f sending it its class record, "A Score of Years, 1884-1904." The contents are of too intimate a nature for public comment, but we are glad to note that the class seems to have prospered since graduation. Among ts members we note the Hon. Job E. Hedges, the late Prof. Alexander Johnston, Mr. Burr McIntosh, and a temporary member, whose name confers distinction on 1884 and on Princeton alike, Mr. Richard J. Hamilton of Hagerstown, Md., *Dithyramb Dick" of Pilduzer Park.

A worthy edition of the works of a revo-

lutionary worthy is being published by 3. P. Putnam's Sons in "The Writings of Samuel Adams," collected and edited by Harry Alonzo Cushing, Ph. D. Nothing handsomer in type or get-up could be de-sired. There will be three of four of the fine octavo volumes, of which the first before us includes the papers and articles for the years 1764 to 1769. It ends with the prophetic words: "Britain may fall sooner thankhe is aware; while her Colonies who are struggling for Liberty may survive her fate & tell the Story to their Children's Children.

Society has done good work, and its good deeds are told by Miss Clara Barton in "A Story of the Red Cross" (Appleton's). Coming at the present time, the book can only is, in an unfortunate question which is still under investigation. The author limits herself to a statement of what the society has accomplished in the many disasters that it has undertaken to alleviate.

New England is being curried with a fine comb in search of literary material. It is described minutely from the literary standpoint from Maine to Connecticut by Mr. Rufus Rockwell Wilson in "New England in Letters" (A. Wessels Company). Mr. Wilson's chapters are agreeable to read, though trifle too didactic, and though his desire

a trifle too didactic, and though his desire to impart accurate information leads him at times to assume absolute illiteracy on the part of his readers. He resuscitates some well nigh forgotten worthles who should not be wholly forgotten. Such books must add to the attraction of the trolley rides which can now be taken in nearly all of the twritory the author describes.

It is a purely academic essay that Prof. Oscar Kuhns of Wesleyan University has written in "Dante and the English Poets from Chaucer to Tennyson" (Henry Holt & Co.). He demonstrates that some English poets have written about Dante, and that a very few have known him intimately. The author avoids one rock by his charity regarding the use of the selfsame thought and phrase by different poets; on the other hand, some of his fancied resemblances seem rather forced. He gives an excellent example of how one may be learned and yet not penetrate beneath the surface. His evident admiration for Dante, however, will excuse much.

Books Received.

"Connectives of English Speech." James C. Fernald. (Funk & Wagnalls Opmpany.)
"En Amérique. De New York & la Nouvelle-"En Amérique. De New York à la Nouvelle-Oriéans." Jules Huret. (Eugène Fasqueile, Paris.) "What Is Art?" Leo Tolstoy, translated by Ayimer Maude. (Funk & Wagnalis Company.) "State of New Jersey. Thirty-first Annual Report of the State Board of Agriculture, 1903." (MacCrel-lish & Quigley, Trenton, N. J.) "In Merry Measure." Tom Masson. (Life Pub-lishing. Co.)

lishing Co.)
"The Ellwoods." Charles Stuart Welles, M. D.
"The Ellwoods." Charles Stuart Welles, M. D. (Simpkin , Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co., London; Morgan M. Renner, New York.) "The Rose of Old St. Louis." Mary Dillon. (The Century Co.)

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